Masked and Drugged Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter

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Masked and Drugged Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter

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Summary

Hannibal escapes torture from the Vergers, after a drug fueled killing spree, he is surprised to see an angel before him

Hannibal crouched low in the barn, breath fogging around his mask as he watched the red and blue flashing lights.

After finally escaping his chains and torture at the hands of the Vergers, he had gone on a spree, killing all the filthy and vile pigs he could and leaving a bloody trail of tablouts behind him, but now, they were after him.

Hannibal gripped the knife in his hand tighter as he tried to ground himself and think of a plan, but he couldn't think clearly. After the drugs Mason had given him again and again, his mind was slow to return to rationality.

"The fuck are you doing in here?!"

Hannibal spun at the sharp voice, ready to fight, but froze, eyes wide.

The young man in the second doorway was silhouetted against the bright light from the porch of the home the man had come out of, a halo of light around him, reflecting off dark curls.

'An angel…' Hannibal thought, *'he's an angel…'*

"I don't know what you're doing in my barn, or why you're hiding from them." The man said, jerking his head toward the flashing lights, "and honestly I don't care, but if you get anywhere ***near*** my dogs, you will be sorry."

Hannibal blinked, his mind running through the words again. This beautiful angel didn't care about his crimes or how he was covered in blood, he didn't care about all the pigs Hannibal slaughtered… he only cared about his own pack.

Hannibal stood slowly and moved toward the man, who surprisingly held his ground, even as the bloody, knife welding, stag skull wearing, hulk of a man stood over him.

Hannibal tilted his head slightly, examining the smaller man more closely, he really was an angel… bluer than blue eyes, pale skin, and a face that would look right at home in an oil painting.

"You…" Hannibal murmured, his tongue still heavy from the drugs, "aren't… afraid…?"

The man scoffed, folding his arms, "No, why should I? Either you're going to try and kill me, or you're not. I'm not going to start pissing myself over every little thing."

Hannibal tilted his head the other way, this man was interesting… Hannibal… liked him…

Just then, men shouting and running feet, followed by gunshots shattered the moment. Before Hannibal could rethink it, he had scooped the man up, tossing him over his shoulder and rushed into the woods.

"Hey! Put me down!" The man yelled at Hannibal's back, hitting him with his fists, but not doing much damage.

"Hold your fire!" A deep voice yelled, "He's got a hostage!"

Hannibal ran and ran through the trees until he found a large cave next to a river, he ducked inside, depositing his burden on the floor of the cave and moving to the entrance again.

The man growled something angrily but surprisingly didn't make a run for it.

Hannibal looked out, the yelling of the officers had faded a while back, so he quickly gathered some wood from around the cave and lugged a nearby boulder to mostly cover the entrance before returning to the man and sitting across from him.

The man glared at him, his eyes seeming to glow slightly, even in this low light, "What is it you want?" He growled at Hannibal.

Hannibal set some of the wood down and, using the knife and some flint, he managed to light a small fire.

Slowly, Hannibal reached up and pulled off the skull mask, "You're… different…" he said softly, "I… like you…"

The man's eyes widened slightly, "You… you're doctor Lecter, aren't you? The missing psychologist?"

Hannibal nodded slowly, "Lecter… yes… Hannibal…"

The man moved forward slowly, reaching out and touching Hannibal's forehead, "You're burning up… what-?"

"Verger…" Hannibal said softly, "Mad I… treated his sister…"

The man frowned slightly, "Verger did this?"

Hannibal managed a nod, but he was feeling sluggish now, he blinked, only to see the fire had grown on the floor and the man was kneeling next to him, somehow suddenly laying on his back.

The man was muttering as he washed Hannibal's wounds with a not-so-white-anymore handkerchief.

Hannibal suddenly registered the scent around him.

'Omega… worried omega…'

Hannibal must have made some sound, as the man stilled instantly and looked at him, "is this alright?" He asked, gesturing at his task, "I didn't want them getting infected…"

Hannibal nodded slightly, "Fine…" he mumbled.

The man nodded and continued gently.

"You… omega…?" Hannibal asked softly.

The man chuckled, "Caught that, huh?" He shrugged, "Yeah, I am. But I managed my whole life, and didn't need anyone 'taking care of me'. I handle it just fine."

Hannibal smiled weakly, this man may be an omega, but he was certainly not 'delicate' as everyone thought omega should be.

"Something funny?" The man asked, scrubbing at the wounds again.

"You…" Hannibal said softly, "are a wonder… like you…"

The man laughed, the sound filled the cave and made Hannibal want desperately to hear it again.

"Yeah, let's hear you say that when you /aren't/ stoned out of your gourd." The man said, a slight bitterness behind the tone… someone had hurt this man before… and Hannibal was going to find them…

Hannibal was in and out of consciousness for… he wasn't sure how long… he only managed fuzzy bits when conscious.

In the cave, hearing the omega stoking the fire.

Being carried by the omega through the woods and being surprised by his strength.

Laying in a bed that smelled like the omega, a line of dog noses poking over the edge of the mattress.

A cold cloth laid on his forehead and reassurances that it would get better.

Singing…

The voice was soft, but rich and sweet, flowing through the words of the song like water in a riverbed.

Hannibal managed to stay awake this time, listening to the beautiful creature in the shabby chair nearby as he sang.

~La nuit étoilée, étoilée.

Peint ta palette bleue et grise,

Regarde dehors par un jour d'été

Avec des yeux qui connaissent la noirceur de mon âme.

Les ombres sur les collines,

Esquissent les arbres et les jonquilles,

Attrapent la brise et les froideurs de l'hiver,

En couleurs sur la terre enneigée de lin.~

Hannibal was almost sad when the soft melody sent him back to sleep.

Hannibal sat up, groaning softly, he had been laying for what felt like weeks, he felt stiff and groggy, he was stripped to the waist and had a strange metallic taste in his mouth.

'Where on earth was he?'

"You're awake."

Hannibal looked up to see the omega man from his dreams, smiling at him and looking relieved.

"You were asleep so long, I was getting worried. Here, I'll get you some water." He hurried to a nearby kitchen, as he moved past Hannibal, a waft of wonderful scent passed by him and Hannibal was beyond smitten.

"Here," the man said gently, holding out a glass of cool water, "Try to drink slowly, alright?"

Hannibal reached up, and took the cup, drinking the water completely, "Thank you." He said softly.

The man smiled and reached to take the cup back, Hannibal grabbed his wrist and pulled, rolling quickly and pinning the omega to the bed, his nose to his neck, breathing deeply.

"H-hey!" The man said, though it sounded almost like a whine, "Y-you're still recovering and drugged, you-"

"I can assure you." Hannibal said, the omega shivering under him at the warm breath on his neck, "I am fully cognizant and clear headed," he pulled back, looking into those near luminous blue eyes, "and you are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or scented…"

The man blushed, whining softly as he covered his face with his hands, "You can't just go and say that…" he said thickly, "you don't… even know me…"

Hannibal stroked the man's hair gently, slowly coxing the man's hands down again, "You didn't know me either, all you knew was a blood covered masked killer in your barn kidnapped you. You had plenty of chances to call the authorities, or just leave me to die, but instead, you nursed me back to health, you allowed me to imprint on you, and I am captivated."

The man was blushing, not meeting Hannibal's eyes.

"Tell me your name…" Hannibal pleaded softly.

"Will…" the man said softly.

Hannibal purred softly, nuzzling close again, "Will…" he purred, making the omega whine and arch towards him.

Hannibal licked at Will's neck gently as the omegas hands stroked over his chest, back, and arms.

Will whined softly, arching and leaning into each touch with such a touch starved fervor, Hannibal vowed he would never let him go.

Soon enough, Hannibal had stripped the younger man and shed his own underwear, his pants having disappeared with his shirt during his haze.

Will gasped softly as he saw Hannibal in full, "God… you're so big!"

Hannibal chuckled softly before leaning in and kissing him deeply.

Will's taste was intoxicating, whiskey and an almost bourbon-like sweetness that seemed to fit him, Hannibal wanted- no- NEEDED more! Will whined submissively, gripping at Hannibal's arms and back, accepting the alpha he had also grown attached to.

Why else would he have burned the bloody clothes in that cave and thrown the knife and mask in the river rapids? "Stop thinking." Hannibal growled, biting at Will's shoulder and making him gasp, "I want you here, not daydreaming…" Will moaned softly, arching his hips up as Hannibal rutted against him, then, the head of Hannibal's cock caught the slick rim of Will’s hole and the alpha thrust in roughly. "OH GOD!" Will screamed, his eyes rolling at the sensation, Hannibal was HUGE! Will had never taken anything this big!

Around them, the dogs barked and whined, worried for their master, but Will was too far gone to notice. "Alpha!" He cried as Hannibal began fucking him roughly, snarling slightly as he gave into his urges to breed this beautiful little omega, to mate him!

As if reading his mind, Will bared his neck to Hannibal, whining with each panted, gasping breath. Hannibal took the invitation and bit Will hard, sealing them together as mates. Will screamed again, his body going limp as he accepted the alphas power over him, letting Hannibal fuck him as long as he needed to as Will floated in mate haze.

Hannibal and Will sat together when they had regained their thoughts and made a plan, Will was to call the police and say that he and another captive had gotten away from the stag man.

Then, after learning the fate of Mason Verger, Hannibal could act accordingly, whether it was framing Mason as the stag man, or simply killing him, they would see. "I never wanted a mate." Will said, touching the bite scar gently, "thought all alphas were the same…all "omegas are weak and need to be coddled, they shouldn't be doing anything!" and such…"

Hannibal chuckled softly. "While I do intend to coddle and spoil you, sweet Will, I have no intention of trying to tame you, you are beautiful the way you are."

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